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In Memoriam

Arthur Hunt Chute

A Father's Tribute to a Beloved Son



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In Memoriam

Arthur Hunt Chute

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Arthur Hunt Chute

A Father's Tribute to a Beloved Son

Into our family of father, mother, and four children the first death has just entered. And it has come in a most sudden and tragic manner. Amid many tears, while memory is busy with events of days gone, the father here sets down, for the children who survive, some recollections of the dear son and brother whose absence we deeply mourn. If thereby our trust in God and our devotion to duty are strengthened, the purpose of the review will be fulfilled.

BOYHOOD AND SCHOOL LIFE

Arthur Hunt Chute was born in Stillman Valley, Illinois, a town about a hundred miles west of Chicago. The date of his birth was April 19th, 1888. His father was then pastor

of the Baptist Church there, that being his first pastorate after graduating from the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. When Arthur was about a year and a half old the family removed to Chicago, where the father was for three years pastor of the Austin Church. Then there was a return of the parents, with their three children of that date, to their native Province, Nova Scotia, to the First Baptist Church of Halifax, when Arthur was about four and a half. The stay in Halifax lasted from the autumn of 1892 until the autumn of 1901, a period of nine good years in our family annals. Two public schools did the boy there attend, Tower Road School and Morris Street School. In his younger years he was not physically strong, although afterwards he became so. And the public school was not well suited to his none too robust constitution. Upon removing to Wolfville, in September of 1901, when the lad was thirteen, he continued in the same sort of school for a while, and was then transferred, much to his delight, to Horton Academy, from which in due order he passed into Acadia College.

It was in 1910 that he received the B.A. degree from Acadia. As he advanced in his College course he took increasing satisfaction in his studies, because the number of electives multiplied as he progressed. Some of the earlier subjects, Mathematics for example, had no attraction for him.

He was always, in boyhood and manhood, good, kind, and tender hearted. Never did he go in ways that brought anxiety to his parents. It was the true, the beautiful and the good that appealed to him. At quite an early age he gave his heart to Christ, and made public profession of faith by uniting with the First Baptist Church of Halifax. He was baptized by his father the last Sunday of April, 1900. While yet young he showed a marked interest in the best literature. His father read aloud to him many of the stories of Charles Dickens. The reader revelled in the reading because the son revelled so in listening. Numerous biographies were read to him, such as standard lives of Washington and Lincoln, of Judson and Livingstone. Others of the family circle would give heed

for a while, and then be ready to pass to something else. But Arthur, even though the hour for going to bed had arrived, would plead for "just one more chapter". It was to us a joy when he set his mind and heart upon preaching the gospel, and turned to courses of study with this great calling in view. When, however, after better acquaintance with his qualifications, he concluded that he could serve his Lord better in a literary way, we did not attempt to dissuade him from making the change, recognizing that God has numerous ways in which He would have His followers serve Him. While in College he did much writing for the College paper, "The Acadia Athenaeum", much more than did any other student of his time. There appeared in print from his pen translations of Horace, Etchings, orations, and poetical pieces of varying lengths. His "Heroes of the Silence", one of a number of prize poems, was in memory of Acadia's great teacher, Dr. A. W. Sawyer. We here transcribe it:

The Heroes of the Silence

In Memoriam A. W. Sawyer

Not in the grey old Abbeys
Sleep all her sons of fame,
Nor on the marble columns
Is written every name.

But many of the workers
Whose hands have wrought the best,
Have sunk into the silence,
And in the shadows rest.

For them we raise no marbles,
For them we shed no tears;
But still their glory liveth
In the honor of the years.

When laurel crowns have faded
And triumph songs are past,
The heroes of the silence,
By deeds they wrought shall last.

For sculptured marbles crumble,
Old Abbeys have their day,
But the glory of the silence
Shall never pass away.

DEVOTION TO HIS MOTHER

Deep and tender was his affection for his mother his life through. To her he felt great indebtedness, and when absent from her looked eagerly to the reunion. If she were sick he was anxious. When we lived on Victoria Road in Halifax, our house was some weeks quarantined on account of scarlet fever, and the little chap was with a kind neighbor a few doors down the street. Most pathetic was it to see the lad looking long and wistfully up to the window where his mother stood and talked with him, trying to cheer his troubled heart. He wished she might allow him in the house if only to let him sleep under the table in the kitchen. In manhood, late at night, he would leave his writing in the Tower Room and sit by her bedside loth to bring the talking to an end. In his very last letter to her he said, "Mother, you always comforted me when I needed it, even when I failed in Mathematics". Through all the years of his absence, no matter how far off he was, nor how occupied he might be, he

never omitted his regular and frequent writing home, so intent was he in allaying our anxiety. And his letters abounded in expressions appreciative of the solicitude, the affection and the prayers that followed him in his roamings. Great things, he would intimate, would he yet do for his mother and father, his sisters and brother, when some of his cherished ambitions were realized. Precious to us have been all these dear memories, and doubly precious are they now when we lament "the vanished hand".

LOVE OF TRAVEL

While in College the young fellow's love of travel and adventure early appeared in his going over to England for a summer vacation to see something of the Old World. For the meeting of current expenses he sold Stereopticon views for the Underwoods. His experiences, especially in the Channel Islands, it was afterwards of great interest to hear him relate. He did not find it easy to make both ends meet, nevertheless by dint of perseverance he accomplished it. All his life through he fur-

nished a shining example of persistent endeavor. It can be said of him that he was superior to rebuff and cold shoulder. Difficulty was to him but a spur to more strenuous effort. He always maintained that heroic struggle was the price that must ever be paid for the highest victories. To his great honor be it said that he never retained a feeling of resentment against any one who used him unfairly. Quickly would he forget any unpleasantness, and pursue a kindly course as if nothing disagreeable had occurred. He used to say that life was too short to harbor resentments, and to that idea his action was conformed. For no one would he do a good turn more readily than for the person who had previously done him an injustice. He never pigeon-holed real or fancied wrongs done him, with a view to getting even at some later date. Far from it. He was built on too fine a mould for that. We do well to imitate his nobility in that regard.

PREACHER AND ARMY CAPTAIN

With the Christian ministry in view Arthur

became, after going out from Acadia, a Theological student at Newton Theological Institution, near Boston. While there he from time to time availed himself of opportunities for preaching to Churches in that vicinity. From Newton he graduated in 1914, with the B.D. degree, the course not being all taken consecutively. In 1911—'12 he was Dr. Charles A. Eaton's assistant at Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York City. In 1912—13 he studied at Edinburg University, and travelled with a company from that University in Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and on the European Continent. The very day he delivered an oration at graduating from Newton he left for the war in Mexico and there served under General Funston. He left Edinburg University to be with the Turkish forces in Thrace, and subsequently served with the Greeks in Janina. In August of 1914 he went with the First Canadian Contingent, a great and notable contingent of upwards of thirty war ships, to the world war against Germany. No time did he lose in enlisting and crossing the Atlantic. I believe

he was the first boy in Wolfville to sign for service. A fellow-citizen, hearing of his enlistment, wanted to know if the young chap had taken leave of his senses. But after a while, if there was any young man fitted for war who had not enlisted, he was the one who was accounted abnormal or deficient in manhood.

After leaving England, with its horrible memories of Salisbury Plains, and reaching the Continent, Arthur was employed at a Casualty Clearing Station; but that was soon quitted, for it was too safe and easy a thing for one of his ardent and adventurous spirit. Back to England he went and took an Artillery Course at Shornecliffe, and was then made Captain in the Artillery. Lieut. Col. S. Boyd Anderson, D.S.O., who commanded the 12th Brigade, C.F.A., of the First Canadian Division, has paid a high tribute to Arthur's war record. Suffering shell shock, and very narrowly escaping death, he was invalided home in 1917. Deafness in one ear remained with him as a constant reminder of that awful war period. For physical restoration he



was sent to the West Indies and South America; and although improvement was at first slow, and seasons of great suffering in his head were experienced, a little later he gained quite rapidly. It was at this rest time that he met the young woman who afterwards became his wife, Miss Lorna Payzant Pitt, of Hamilton, Bermuda. They were married in Nova Scotia, on the 15th day of September, 1919. Their winters since have been for the most part spent in Bermuda and the summers in Nova Scotia. The wife and two little girls, Audrey and Millicent, now mourn in their Bermuda home the untimely departure of the dear husband and father.

LITERARY LABORS

Serving to some extent as War Correspondent during his war experiences, on his return home the dear lad concluded that he was better fitted to serve his country and his time by engaging in literary work, rather than in the great calling for which he had been preparing and in which for a while he had been engaged. His articles and stories were

accepted and published by the best magazines on both sides of the Atlantic, such as "Chamber's Journal" and "Blackwood's Magazine" in the Old Country, and "The Atlantic Monthly", "Leslie's Weekly", "Munsey's" and "Harper's" Magazines on this side the water. And his reputation steadily grew. In the July number of "The World's Work", in the present year, appeared a lengthy and illustrated article, entitled "Canada's Golden North", which elicited wide and favorable attention and comment. Special mention should also be made of his articles dealing with the same Canadian Northland in "The Saturday Evening Post". It was while travelling into this same North Country, in pursuit of more material for further contributions to "The Saturday Evening Post", that the active and fruitful author came to his sudden and tragic end. He had previously made a perilous Northern journey in the depth of winter, much territory being covered on foot and by dog-sleds, up to the Hudson Bay Country. For him the following of safe and easy courses had no attraction whatever. It was not

enough for him as a writer to take second hand material and work it up for presentation to publishers. Nothing short of first hand information, of personal contact with the frontier actors themselves, would satisfy his large ambitions and purposes.

After the war Arthur wrote a War-book, published by Harper's of New York, a volume of upwards of three hundred pages, entitled "The Real Front". This was said to be one of the six best books dealing with the war. The seventeenth chapter in that book, headed "How Sleep the Brave", first appeared as a contribution in "The North American Review". And the editor of "The Evening Telegraph", of Philadelphia, Herman L. Collins, wrote to George Harvey, editor of the "North American", in these words regarding it: "The article, 'How Sleep the Brave', is the best war story which I have read anywhere. I presume that Arthur Hunt Chute, the author, is a Canadian, but won't you please tell me just who he is. His picture of the war country is really perfect."

For a few years my lamented son wrote

numerous short articles for a Syndicate of papers, stretching all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, dealing chiefly with Canadian interests and affairs. For he was to the very core a true Canadian. He loved Canada and brought many influential Canadians to love him. Some of his readers would have preferred to have seen him continue this Syndicate series. Latterly, however, he turned more to the writing of sea-stories of a high moral tone, some of them as serials, which afterwards came out in book form. "The Mutiny of the Flying Spray", for example, was first published in 1926 in "Boys' Life," the magazine of the Boy Scouts in America. This volume, "The Crested Seas", and "Far Gold", all sea stories, were published by Sears and Company of New York. "The Mutiny of the Flying Spray" is dedicated by Arthur to his father, and a truly tender and affectionate dedication it is. It cannot now be read without blinding tears by the one to whom it is dedicated, as he sits a little way from the newly-made grave of the beloved author.

A special interest and pathos attaches to articles of this prolific writer, produced in days just immediately preceding the calamity, which snatched him so suddenly from us, and published after his death. One appeared in "The Toronto Star Weekly", called "The Women of the New Frontier". Two are in "MacLean's Magazine", viz., "A School for Adventurers", and "Canada, Be Yourself!" In "The Blue Book" for November was a sea-story, "The Finger of Death", the name by which the hazardous shore of Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, was called, and whose dangers were faced in the story, by an intrepid Lunenburg Captain. In the "Boston Sunday Globe Magazine" of January 19, 1930, was published a story of the French-speaking coast of Labrador, entitled "La Chasse Galerie".

It is worthy of remark that for the high and arresting quality of his style, he was much indebted to the Old Testament. Neither father nor son could forget the days in which they read over together in the original Hebrew the Book of the Prophet Amos. That Clarion

Cry for Justice, from the brave and mighty herdsman of Tekoa, made an indelible impression upon the impressionable lad, and he carried its pungent expressions through the succeeding years. Travel and observation also contributed to his freshness and originality. He was no penman of the chimney corner. So much was he out in the open that when he returned to his tower-room in his old home for the writing of what he had been contemplating, he furnished copy for the printer with marvellous rapidity. What he had been intent upon seeing and thinking about had vividness and power when given off by his pen. As he said to a Toronto editor only the night before he started on that ill-fated journey to the North, "I could get material from men who came back, but I feel it is my job to go with them and see myself what they are doing so that I may be able to write truly about it".

SEA-GOING EXPERIENCES

Surprise has often been expressed that this writer knew so much about sea-going and the

handling of ships, that he had at his ready command the large vocabulary of seamen. The fact is he not only began early to read books having to do with the sea and with sailors, but that he himself had travelled widely over many waters, not merely by comfortable steamships, but by cattle boats and sailing vessels. Here again appeared his dissatisfaction with anything short of first hand knowledge. At one stage, eager to be still better informed concerning sailing vessels, and wishing the personal experience, he crossed the Atlantic with a Prince Edward Island Captain, Captain Black, on the "Snowden", a barque carrying lumber. He went as a common sailor and received at the end of a very stormy and dangerous voyage of a month, between Halifax and Queenstown, a certificate of "Able Seaman", a bit of paper he prized more than if it were a parchment from some great school of learning. Truth to tell, the young fellow, going on that long voyage, as it proved, in order that he might get experience, got rather more experience than he cared for. Part of the cargo had to

be jettisoned. One of the crew was lost overboard and others only narrowly escaped. Indeed many were the hair breadth deliverances this boy had, first and last, both on sea and land, in times of war and peace. These almost brought his family to regard him as leading a charmed life. They were so accustomed to his going into danger and coming safely out that they thought it would so continue. When before his last journey, with its awful issue, he was remonstrated with against taking side trips in the North by airplane, he cheerfully replied that airships were just as safe as sea-going craft. He believed with Harry McLean, the railroad magnate, in whose private car he had ridden from Ottawa to Winnipeg just prior to the disaster, that flying machines were safer than automobiles. All the more shocking because of the confidence his adventurous spirit displayed, was the terrible news, coming without the slightest premonition, that the varied career of the dear fellow had at length reached a most untimely and tragic close.



THE VACANT RETREAT

Arthur's summers, after the war period, were usually spent at or near his old home in Wolfville, first with his wife and then with her and their two little girls, the older of the girls being now nine years of age. And the winters were for the most part passed in Bermuda. To be near his publishers he spent some weeks of every year at the Authors' Club of New York City. "Among the members of this Club," said its Bulletin of October last, "a spontaneous and very deep regret followed the news of his tragic death in an airplane which fell into Lake Manitoba, Canada, on September 22nd." While entertained at this Club he wrote a good many of his short stories for periodicals. He used to speak of them as "pot-boilers", meaning that to these he resorted for the ready money which current expenses demanded. Most of his more pretentious productions were penned in what he was wont to call his "tower-room", a retired room at the home of his parents in Wolfville where there was the least to disturb him.

There he often wrote for weeks on end, daily taking long and vigorous walks such as his physical welfare required. His favorite walk was to the ridge overlooking the Gaspereau Valley. Years earlier the father used to walk with the lad to distant points, until one day, to the regret of both, the two discovered that this must stop, for the father's prowess was no longer equal to the pace of the stalwart six-footer. But we often sauntered together an easier distance to the light-house. When toward the close of September last the final touches were being given to the orderly arrangement of that "tower-room" for the reception of its owner, then broke in upon us the sorrowful intelligence that the beloved son and brother would pass its portal no more. There the last line had been written, there the last manuscript done up for editorial examination. There the globe on the desk, symbol of the departed author's wide vision, would remain undisturbed as far as he was concerned who had so often consulted it.

INTEREST IN CANADIAN NORTH

Painful is the thought that the dear fellow should have been cut off at a time when he regarded himself as only on the edge of something much more worth while than anything he had hitherto achieved. He was heard to say on several occasions that what he had accomplished was but an apprenticeship for some larger and better service in the near future. He knew Canada and loved Canada, and he had an ardent ambition to contribute something valuable toward her progress and welfare. He was profoundly interested especially in our great North Country, in its history, in its opportunities, in its promised developments. And he wanted a hand in helping to realize its bright prospects. He had had a hand in such service already, but that was to him only preliminary. He was eager for a much larger share. Fairly fascinated was he with what was there going on, and was prepared to make any effort or sacrifice in his power in order to realize the vision which was so clearly before him. He would some-

times say to his parents that he would yet perform a service that would make them proud of him. Beloved lad! We have realized since that saddest of days when you took flight from earth, that you had in very deed done that much already. Leaders of men and affairs have made us see that, to a degree that we did not understand before. We have been flooded with telegrams and letters since that never to be forgotten twenty-second of September, not only expressing affection for our boy, but uttering deepest regret that Canada had been deprived of one who had done great things for her and who gave promise of something larger in the years to follow. Much more has been uttered to his honor since his death than he himself ever thought would be spoken of him. But it is common, indeed too common, for appreciative speech to be postponed until the ear of the faithful doer can no longer hear. Nothing good, however, ever falls short of Divine recognition and reward. And with reference to the blasting of so much promise by death's cruel hand we can only say (and we say it with con-

fidence and hope) that a good and wise God rules, in Heaven and on earth, and unto His will we most humbly bow, assured that His love and wisdom will in due time have full vindication. We must not pass judgment with only the brief space of this earthly life in view, but bear in mind the eternal life which succeeds. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

PUBLIC SPEAKER WITH POLITICAL LEANINGS

Arthur had political aspirations. He was ambitious to excel, and did excel, in public speaking. Some of his friends at times expressed the wish that he would devote himself to the public platform, rather than to the writer's desk. And sometimes he himself was half inclined to follow the suggestion, so attractive to him was it to be standing before an audience and leading their thought. As a boy in the College days he twice competed for the prize that carried along with it his uncle's name, "The Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Prize", failing on the first occasion and

winning on the second. Now and again he took a hand in political campaigns in his own Nova Scotia County, the County of Kings. He was engaged with the Chautauqua people as lecturer, and travelled extensively in the United States and Canada, greatly increasing his circle of friends at that time. When the United States at length entered the war, and Arthur had been discharged from the war as physically unfit, he was employed in that country as speaker in important cities for the raising of funds for war purposes, a service in connection with which he was most generously lauded. His war experiences, only a little way back, he was able, at this juncture, to turn to effective and profitable account. That his American friends had expectations that he was meant for political life appears in the Bulletin of "The Authors' Club" already quoted, where it says: "Captain Chute had led an adventurous life, cut all too short when it seemed the promise of a conspicuous political career lay before him." It then added in a general way, "In Captain Chute

passed away a man of fine presence and sterling character”.

THE TRAGIC END

In April last Arthur's father and mother visited their two children residing in Boston, and in that month business had brought him from Bermuda to New York for a short time. And he took the opportunity to run to Boston for a day or two. He arranged it so as to be with us on his birthday, the 19th of April. That day was celebrated by a henceforth memorable dinner at Marjorie's. And it was a great occasion for us all. Never did we see Arthur with more life and hope than then. He was a boy again. And little dreamed we, as he went swinging down the street at our parting, that upon his manly form we were looking for the last time. But so it proved.

The past summer, up to the end of August, Arthur passed, contrary to custom, with his wife and the two little girls, in Bermuda. The house which they there owned, beautiful for situation, they tell me, had been undergoing

improvements, within and without, and the husband and father had been diligently employed with the men in the work that occupied them for a considerable period. All this labor, it was anticipated, would make the father's return, just before the Christmas joys, all the more delightful. But here again is the reminder that while man proposes, God disposes.

It was the closing day of August that our son reached New York, after leaving for the last time his home and family in Hamilton, Bermuda. The next three weeks were spent by him in attending to matters of business in New York, Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto, and very likely in writing some of the things published after his death. He then went to Winnipeg, and on the 22nd of September set out from there by airplane for the North. And that day, early in the afternoon, came the fatal crash. From J. A. MacDougall, Secretary of Western Canada Airways, was brought to us at Wolfville the following telegram: "Known particulars regarding the death of your son, Arthur Hunt Chute, are meagre.

He left Winnipeg with pilot and mechanic at noon of the 22nd, and apparently encountered smoke and fog at the north end of Lake Manitoba, necessitating flying at low altitude. The plane evidently flew into water which at the point of contact was only three feet in depth. The machine was thrown on its back by impact. We regret the untimely death of your son and extend sincere sympathy." Another message, sent by J. W. Dafoe, of "The Winnipeg Free Press", added some items. It said: "The chartered plane nose-dived into Lake Manitoba near the Icelandic settlement of Reykjavik. It fell into water about three feet deep and buried in a sandplane. Isolated location of Reykjavik makes it difficult to secure details of the crash. Bodies of Chute and the mechanic are being held there for Coroner's inquest. Search is still being made for the body of the pilot." The exact hour of the disaster, as told in the foregoing, is known by Arthur's watch which stopped from a blow at precisely two o'clock, about two hours after leaving Winnipeg.

Our other three children, with their little

children, were with us in Wolfville, or near by, during the summer of '29, and we had a delightful time together. When they left us to resume their duties we greatly missed them. But we had the pleasure of looking onward to the early part of October when our dear Arthur, with his Northern journey safely over, would be with us in the old home. He purposed remaining until well on toward Christmas. He was to be occupied with his pen upon his self-imposed task, bringing to culmination what he had been thinking and travelling to accomplish. In recreation spaces he and his father were ~~went~~ to walk and talk together, as they had been accustomed to do. But October came and went, and so did November, without the arrival of the traveller. Instead there came by express some of his possessions,—his case containing papers and note-books, railway passes, a flying helmet, an overcoat purchased the day before the calamity in anticipation of the cold soon to be encountered, his battered watch, maps of the country to be traversed, letters of introduction to prominent men, and so on. In view

of the swiftly shattered plans none could view these things of his without deep emotion and tears. Such articles as were already associated in the minds of loved ones with the dear departed in times gone, took on, through the working of death, a sacred aspect. Beloved boy! You have, by the grace of God, passed out of the realm of tears. And by us who tarry here have often been repeated those words of King David after vain efforts to retain his child: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me".

FUNERAL AND MEMORIAL TABLET

On October first, nine days after the tragedy, the funeral service of this lamented son of Acadia was held in the Convocation Hall of his College, and burial took place at Willow Bank Cemetery, on a sea-ward looking hill a mile or so away. The body arrived the morning of that day and was taken to his old home where a short service preceded that in College Hall. Dr. Marshall, of the Wolfville Baptist Church, conducted the exercises, and most appropriate and comforting addresses

were delivered by President F. W. Patterson and Dr. J. H. MacDonald. The great concourse of people in the Hall, and that followed the departed hero to his last resting place, testified to the esteem and affection in which he was held in his own town and the surrounding country. The pall-bearers were all veterans of the Great War. The railroad magnate, Mr. Harry MacLean, and his partner, Mr. E. Therrien, builders of the Hudson Bay railroad, accompanied the body all the way from Winnipeg, and were present at the last solemn rites, sincere sharers in the mourning. Thus did East and West mingle their tears over the grave of this young Canadian of large fulfilment and still larger promise.

Little did I dream when years ago purchasing a lot in this Cemetery that this beloved boy would be the first there to lie down to rest. But human life abounds in things unexpected. God be praised that for so long the sod in that bit of ground has remained unbroken. Now the lot is marked by a monument, and on it is this its first inscription:

Captain Arthur Hunt Chute

Author

Born at Stillman Valley, Illinois.

Killed in Airplane Accident at
Lake Manitoba, Canada, Sept. 22, 1929.

A very high tribute has been paid to the memory of our Arthur by four editors in the City of Toronto, to whose columns he was a contributor. The periodicals were "MacLean's Magazine", "The Canadian Magazine", "The Toronto Weekly Star", and the "Financial Post". The tribute is in the form of a bronze tablet, presented to Acadia University, for erection in Convocation Hall at Wolfville. It was at first thought that it might be set up somewhere in the North Country, that had been receiving so much of the dear writer's attention. But upon later consideration it was decided that it would be more fittingly placed in one of the buildings connected with the College from which he graduated. The tablet is finished and has reached Wolfville, and it is expected that the formal unveiling will take place on Sunday

evening, January 26th, 1930. The Tablet thus reads:

That Canada May Remember
ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

Author, Soldier, Gentleman, who gave the Canada of his day a Realization of Its Heritage and a Vision of Its Empire of the North. On September 22nd, 1929, He was Killed Flying Northward.

This parental tribute is reverently laid by an affectionate father upon the tomb of his brave and God-fearing boy.

A. C. Chute,
Wolfville, N. S.,
Dec. 17, 1929.

SUPPLEMENTARY

Jan. 15, '30 -- "MacLean's Magazine" of Jan. 15, '30, contains an illustrated Flying Story of Arthur's, dealing with a flight into

the Northland. It is a story entitled "Lone Land", a story of the New North, where the race is to the swift of wing. Of his having written any of the articles and stories which have appeared in different periodicals since he left us, we were not aware. He had such facility of production, and was carrying in his mind something so very much more important, that he did not in his letters home have the time nor the inclination even to mention these lesser efforts. The same issue of "MacLean's" presents a picture of the Bronze Tablet erected at Acadia University to Arthur's memory by the Toronto editors.

Jan. 26, '30.—This evening, in University Hall, Wolfville, in the presence of a large audience, the Tablet was unveiled to dear Arthur's memory. President Patterson presided and Dr. J. H. MacDonald offered prayer. Letters were read from Mr. Cyrus S. Eaton, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Hon. Dr. Charles A. Eaton, of the United States Congress. Addresses were delivered by Arthur's College classmate, Dr. G. C. Warren, editor of "The Maritime Baptist", and by Mr. H. Napier

Moore, editor of "MacLean's Magazine", Toronto. Mr. Moore unveiled the Tablet on behalf of the Toronto editors who donated it. Dr. Patterson, in accepting the Tablet for Acadia, expressed the hope that all students who in the future should read its inscription would find in it a call to high adventure and noble achievement.

Feb. 6, '30.—By the great kindness and sympathy of dear Arthur's many friends and ours, friends near by and far off, there has been some alleviation of our heavy sorrow. For this we would most devoutly praise God. But special mention must be made of the help afforded us by our neighbor, and Arthur's beloved friend of long standing, Dr. J. H. MacDonald. From the memorable September day when the overwhelming news arrived of what had befallen us at Lake Manitoba, onward to this very hour, his gracious ministrations to us have been ceaseless and unsparing. Out of the Divine storehouse, from which alone can come sufficient return, may he be bountifully rewarded.

A. C. C.

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